

Did my heart loue till now, forswear it sight,  
For I neuer saw true Beauty till this night.

*Tib.* This by his voice, should be a *Mountague*.  
Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the slaue  
Come hither couer'd with an antique face,  
To fleece and scorne at our Solemnitie?  
Now by the stocke and Honour of my kin,  
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

*Cap.* Why how now kinsman,  
Wherefore storme you so?

*Tib.* Vncle this is a *Mountague*, our foe:  
A Villaine that is hither come in spight,  
To scorne at our Solemnitie this night.

*Cap.* Young *Romeo* is it?

*Tib.* 'Tis he, that Villaine *Romeo*.

*Cap.* Content thee gentle Coz, let him alone,  
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:  
And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,  
To be a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:  
I would not for the wealth of all the towne,  
Here in my house do him disparagement:  
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,  
It is my will, the which if thou respect,  
Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,  
An ill befeeming semblance for a Feast.

*Tib.* It fits when such a Villaine is a guest,  
He not endure him.

*Cap.* He shall be endur'd.  
What Goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,  
Am I the Maister here or you? go too,  
Youle not endure him, God shall mend my soule,  
Youle make a Mutinie among the Guests:  
You will set cocke a hoope, youle be the man.

*Tib.* Why Vncle, 'tis a shame.

*Cap.* Go too, go too,  
You are a sawcy Boy, 'ist so indeed?  
This trick may chance to scath you, I know what,  
You must contrary me, marry 'tis time.  
Well said my hearts, you are a Princex, goe,  
Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,  
He make you quiet. What, chearely my hearts.

*Tib.* Patience perforce, with wilfull choler meeting,  
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:  
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall  
Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall. *Exit.*

*Rom.* If I prophane with my vnworthiest hand,  
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,  
My lips to blushing Pilgrims did ready stand,  
To smooth that rough touch, with a tender kisse.

*Iul.* Good Pilgrime,  
You do wrong your hand too much.  
Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this,  
For Saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,  
And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kisse.

*Rom.* Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?

*Iul.* I Pilgrim, lips that they must vse in prayer.  
*Rom.* O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,  
They pray (grant thou) least faith turne to dispaire.

*Iul.* Saints do not moue,

Though grant for prayers sake.

*Rom.* Then moue not while my prayers effect I take:

Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.

*Iul.* Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.

*Rom.* Sin from my lips? O trespasse sweetly vrg'd:

Giue me my sin againe.

*Iul.* You kisse by th' booke.

*Nur.* Madam your Mother craues a word with you.  
*Rom.* What is her Mother?

*Nur.* Marrie Batcheler,  
Her Mother is the Lady of the house,  
And a good Lady, and a wise, and Vertuous,  
I Nur't her Daughter that you talkt withall:  
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,  
Shall haue the chincks.

*Rom.* Is she a *Capulet*?

O deare account! My life is my foes debt.  
*Ben.* Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

*Rom.* I so I feare, the more is my vnrest.  
*Cap.* Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,  
We haue a trifling foolish Banquet towards:

Is it e'ne so? why then I thanke you all.  
I thanke you honest Gentlemen, good night:  
More Torches here: come on, then let's to bed.

Ah firrah, by my faie it waxes late,  
He to my rest.

*Iuli.* Come hither Nurse,

What is yond Gentleman?

*Nur.* The Sonne and Heire of old *Tyberio*.

*Iuli.* What's he that now is going out of doore?

*Nur.* Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio*.

*Iul.* What's he that follows here that would not dance?

*Nur.* I know not.

*Iul.* Go aske his name: if he be married,  
My graue is like to be my wedded bed.

*Nur.* His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,  
The onely Sonne of your great Enemie.

*Iul.* My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,  
Too early seene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,  
Prodigious birth of Loue it is to me,  
That I must loue a loathed Enemie.

*Nur.* What's this? what's this?

*Iul.* A rime, I learne euen now

Of one I can't withall.

*Nur.* Anon, anon:

Come let's away, the strangers all are gone.

*One calls within, Iuliet.*

*Exit.*

*Chorus.*

Now old desire doth in his death bed lie,  
And yong affection gapes to be his Heire,  
That faire, for which Loue gron'd for and would die,  
With tender *Iuliet* matcht, is now not faire.  
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and Loues againe,  
A like bewitched by the charme of lookes:  
But to his foe suppos'd he must complaine,  
And she steale Loues sweet bait from fearefull hookes:  
Being held a foe, he may not haue access  
To breath such vowes as Lovers vse to sweare,  
And she as much in Loue, her meanes much lesse,  
To meete her new Beloued any where:  
But passion lends them Power, time, meanes to meete,  
Temp'ring extremities with extreame sweete.

*Enter Romeo alone.*

*Rom.* Can I goe forward when my heart is here?  
Turne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.

*Enter Benvolio, with Mercutio.*

*Ben.* *Romeo*, my Cozen *Romeo*, *Romeo*.

*Merc.* He is wise,

And on my life hath stolne him home to bed.

*Ben.* He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.

Call good *Mercutio*:

Nay, he caniure too.

*Mer.*

*Mer.* *Romeo*, Humours, Madman, Passion, Louer,  
Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,  
Speake but one rime, and I am satisfied:  
Cry me but ay me, Prouant, but Loue and day,  
Speake to my gossip *Venus* one faire word,  
One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her,  
Young *Abraham Cupid* he that shot so true,  
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger Maid,  
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,  
The Ape is dead, I must coniure him,  
I coniure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,  
By her High forehead, and her Scarlet lip,  
By her Fine foote, straight leg, and Quiuering thigh,  
And the Demeanes, that there Adiacent lie,  
That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.

*Ben.* And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.

*Mer.* This cannot anger him, 't would anger him  
To raise a spirit in his Mistresse circle,  
Of some strange nature, letting it stand  
Till he had laid it, and coniu'd it downe,

That were some spight.  
My inuocation is faire and honest, & in his Mistis name,  
I coniure onely but to raise vp him.

*Ben.* Come, he hath hid himselfe among these Trees  
To be comforted with the Humorous night:  
Blind is his Loue, and best befits the darke.

*Mer.* If Loue be blind, Loue cannot hit the marke,  
Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,  
And with his Mistresse were that kind of Fruite,

As Maides call Medlers when they laugh alone,  
O *Romeo* that she were, O that she were  
An open, or thou a Poprin Pearle,

*Rom.* goodnight, Ile to my Truckle bed,  
This Field-bed is to cold for me to sleepe,  
Come shall we go?

*Ben.* Go then, for 'tis in vaine to seeke him here  
That meanes not to be found.

*Rom.* He ieafts at Scarres that neuer felt a wound,  
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?  
It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne.

Arise faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,  
Who is already sicke and pale with griefe,  
That thou her Maid art far more faire then she:

Benot her Maid since she is enuious,  
Her Vestall linary is but sicke and Greene,  
And none but fooles do weare it, cast it off:

It is my Lady, O it is my Loue, O that she knew she were,  
She speaks, yet she sayes nothing, what of that?  
Her eye discourses, I will answer it:

I am too bold 'tis not to me she speaks:  
Two of the fairest starres in all the Heauen,  
Hauing some businesse do entreat her eyes,

To twinkle in their Spheres till they retorne.  
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,  
The brightnesse of her cheek would shame those starres,

As day-light doth a Lampe, her eye in heauen,  
Would through the ayrie Region streame so bright,  
That Birds would sing, and thinke it were not night:

See how she leanes her cheek vpon her hand.  
O that I were a Gloue vpon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek.

*Iul.* Ayme.

*Rom.* She speaks.  
Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art  
As glorious to this night being ore my head,  
As is a winged messenger of heauen.

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